

The Tragedie

Were red hotte Steele to scare me to the braine,
Annoynted let me with deadly poyson,
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feede my humor, with thy selfe no harme.

Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as I followed Henries course,
When scarce the blood was well waht from his hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I say, I lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth I accurst,
For making me so yong, so old a widow.
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so badde
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Crossly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the subiects of my owne soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden dew of sleepe,
But haue bene waked by his timerous dreames,
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.

Qu. Alas poore soule, I pittie thy complaints.

Dut. Glo. No more the from my soule I mourne for yours.

Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.

Dut. Glo. A due poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of it.

Du Yor. Go thou to Richmōd, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to Richard, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee,
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie olde yeares of sorrow haue I scene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

of Richard

The Trampets sound, Enter
ham, Catesby, &c.

King. Stand all apart. Cosen
Giue me thy hand :

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is King Ric
But shall we weare these honours
Or shall they last, and we reioyce

Buc. Still liue they, and for

King. Ri. O Buckingham, now
To trie if thou be currant gold
Yong Edward liues : thinke now

Buc. Say on my gracious so

King. Why Buckingham, I

Buc. Why so you are my th

King. Ha : am I King ? tis so

Buc. True noble Prince.

King. O bitter consequence
That Edward still should liue tr
Cosen, thou wert not wont to be
Shall I be plaine ? I wish the bast
And I would haue it suddenly p
What saist thou ? speake sudder

Buc. Your Grace may do yo

King. Tut, tut, thou art all ye
Say, haue I thy consent that the

Buc. Giue me some breath,
Before I positiuely speake here
I will resolute your Grace imme

Cat. The King is angry, see,

King. I will conuerse with ir
And vnrespectiue boyes, none a
That looke into me with confid
Boy, high reaching Buckingham

Boy. Lord,

King. Knowst thou not any

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